The Gulper

Formerly Between Meals

Stories • Amusements
Grub

10/3/1

Hello. This here's my new zine. It has a lot more variety and less weight than Between Meals. After a big serious personal zine, I was ready to do something like the zines I made back in the day: Throw together a bunch of random crap and not worry about themes or cohesion or visual concepts or emotional resonance. Fuck that shit. It's all still here, but I didn't let it get in the way of having a good time. Sentimental dorks, don't worry — The Gulper #2 is fixing to be another all-serious issue. A food compilation is also in the works, as is some other stuff I haven't thought of yet.

Still available:

Between Meals — stories about a crazy summer and a winter spent in a windowless basement.

Maybe Magazine #29 — travelling, working at a summer camp, the obligatory Greyhound journal, more.

Please order up so I can buy a garlic press. $1 each. Also, send submissions for that food comp. Thanx.

Sarah

HOT SHIT

Ugly Fish • Hot Days • Tortilla Soup • Eraser Stamps • olde Ships • screwdrivers • muscle teeshirts • Bianca's new zine • three-day weekends • french fries • butter • Jack London • Indian food • the river • not having roommates • biking • the Girls • Comics • orange lipstick • rediscovering old favorite albums • beans & rice from Taco Del Mar • Country Breakfast at Paradox or anywhere for that matter • librarians who are nice • Steve Earl • sandwiches cute boys • cute girls • Boston • free stuff • being outside • kittens • making things • American Steel's new album • East Bay Punk, despite everything • hard boiled country singers • mix tapes • the college radio station • coming home from work at twilight • godzilla • boobs • the promise of summer • organs • folk music • fliers • Curious Wood cuts of Fanciful and Real Beasts • Not at Work! • potato soup • frooty shower gel • clean dishes • sharp razors • tape & scissors • Sex Gang Children • Maakies • Love & Rockets • magic markers • laundry goo • sentimental punk • grapefruits • granola • boys in nice boots • mid-century design • big plain walls • milk crates • the new streetcar • crawling into bed • going WOOOO

HOT SHIT HOT SHIT HOT SHIT HOT SHIT HOT SHIT HOT SHIT

The warm days are

getting warmer and more frequent and we're talking about the stupid rose parade and cutting the sleeves off our shirts, but the fact that it's almost summer nonetheless baffles me. But it's wonderful. Everyone seems more optimistic, people are crawling out of their holes and going out again. The warm air on my bare skin feels so good. Sometimes all this sunshine makes me happier, or at least makes me forget about being unhappy. Sometimes it seems really incongruous and obnoxious. A fairly big part of my heart still feels like it's winter and it's going to take more than a few days of record heat to change that.

Waking up hot in May reminds me of the last torturesome but exhiliarating days of school, studying for finals drinking iced coffee, cutting class. It makes me think of getting drunk on cheap beer while the sun's still up. I think of all the previous summers and the exotic people and places, like New Jersey. At the same time I draw a blank, because I don't know what this summer is going to be. I have hope.

FESTIVAL DES PIRATAS

Capn Bogg & Salty, the Dolomites, Marooned*

Despite having bombass fries and nice interior design, the Medicine hat kinda sucks. If the mandatory bag check doesn't feel invasive enough, the girls' loo doesn't lock so you get walked in on repeatedly. Plus, the door guy overlooked the fact that I was on the guest list. I was not in the most receptive mood for the bands that played Friday night, the 29th of June.

I arrived during Marooned's set. In my heightened state of irritation, I thought they were dumb and trying too hard to be clever and "funky." There were two guys with long straw-like wigs, calculatedly tattered clothing and "ethnic" bird masks. They played drums and sang in a made up language that involved lots of gratuitous consonant rolling. The two also employed extensive voice and body percussion à la Bobby McFerrin. Everyone but me loved them.

Dumb Hat

After watching a bunch of grown ups walk around in bandanas and cheesy Disneyland pirate costumes for awhile, I was glad to see the Dolomites take the stage. The Dolomites. What can I say? They were fantastic. They were the only band of the night who really captured the scrappiness and exuberance that we clueless, civilized city-folk attribute to pirates.

~~Almost~~

Almost every summer until I was 16, I went to camp. There were different kinds of

* plus some other bands that I missed.

camps - hippy performance arts camps, suburban JCC day camp, socialist jew camp - but a few things remained constant: forced participation in sports, cool, pretty counselors whom I practically worshipped, mosquito bites galore, and performances where we dressed up all loco, did totally stupid skits, and sang corny songs to make our parents happy. Camp ruled. One of the worst travesties of "adult" life is not getting summer vacation, thus not getting to go to camp. (I was a counselor when I was 18, but it just wasn't the same. I did, however, eat all the cookies I wanted. For details, see Maybe Magazine N° 29.) Every now and then the boring grown up life throws me a bone, though, this time in the form of the Dolomites.

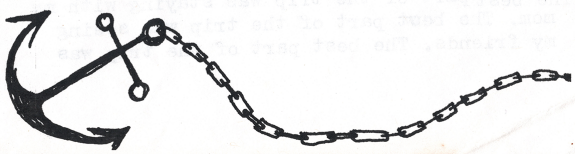
The 6-piece band ranged from a saxophonist, partially clad in fake fur, to an accordianist, sharply turned out in a black suit and kabuki makeup. There was also a clarinet, drums, acoustic guitar and electric bass. The mysterious bass player employed that old summer camp standby, the gender card. He wore a lacy camisole, red wig and beard combo, and ZZ Top shades. The performance had very much the deranged circus atmosphere, complete with fire. Any band that sets stuff on fire scores points with me. Especially Rammstein, but that's another review. Anyway, the Dolomites sang songs about drinking, murder, and general naughtiness. The obvious Tom Waits influence was cemented by a cover of "Singapore" which the band refreshingly put some of themselves into. There's nothing more pointless

than covers that are replicated note for note straight off the album. The Dolomites were exciting and fun and made me wanna runnoff and join a circus or drink some grog or something.

The much anticipated Captain Bogg and salty, however, weren't all that. They were good at what they did, but what they did was a little too Broadway for my taste. Yeah, they sang songs about pirate ships and whatever, but everything was too cleanly executed, too anal-retentively rehearsed.

Iwas excited to hear the opening bars of a couple potentially rad cover songs - Guns of Brixton and Nellie the Elephant - but these too were too mathematic, replicated note for note straight off the album down to the last vocal trill. One redeeming moment was the epic rock guitar solo in their rendition of "Part Of Your World," but now that song will be stuck in my head for weeks

OK, so I guess I whine a little, but, well, talking shit is fun. But really, the show wasn't all that bad. I appreciated the effort to put together a big crazy all-pirate show, and I would've liked to see whoever opened. Even with all the cheese, everyone's heart was in the right place, and it was a nice change of pace from the neverending indie rock brigade. Everyone had fun, and that's what's important. Arrgh.



HOMETOWN DIARIES

In July, I went to Berkeley. It was the second time I'd been back since I'd moved to Portland, but it was the first time I'd visited since I made the city my home.

I drove down with Destiny. Well, Destiny drove and I ate flamin hot cheetos. The drive was awesome. We got on the highway around 8 am, with coffee. We drove down I-5, speeding the whole way. We passed Eugene in what seemed like half an hour. We stopped at a bunch of anonymous gas stations for snacks, gas and toilets. We got gringo burritos at a hippie café in Ashland. They had whole wheat tortillas, white rice, and sprouts. We squealed, OH MY GAWD, when we crossed the California border, into the familiar terrain of yellow hills, green round trees, and blue skies. At one point the entire world was gold rolling hills, the blue, blue sky, and the road-colored road. We got out of the car. The air was warm and clear, like the color of the hills. That and pretty much the whole drive was fantastically beautiful. Coming into the Bay Area I totally lost my shit, I was so ~~exxitedy~~ excited. Seeing more and more familiar landmarks, the C & H sugar factory, Richmond, the bay, the fog. The drive had been sunny and hot the whole way until we hit Richmond and the fog. Oh yeah. Summer in the Bay Area.

The best part of the trip was staying with my mom. The best part of the trip was seeing my friends. The best part of the trip was

eating out and buying records. No but really, the best part of the trip was the first day I spent with Bianca. Bianca is my best friend and she's been in school in LA and Japan for the last few years, so we don't see that much of eachother. That's one reason we're such good friends.

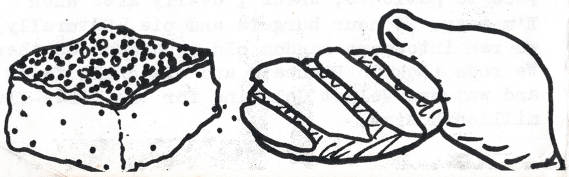
The night I got to town I escavated my old red mountain bike. It was very rusty, but it still worked, and I rode down Addison to Bianca's house. It was really weird riding a different bike, and riding in Berkeley. I'd done it before, but not since I'd started riding all the time in Portland. It was really fun.

It was great to see Bianca. She cooked me udon and we watched cracky Japanese TV she had taped. There was this battle of the bands show that consisted of all goth bands, complete with teenybopper fans, and the losers got dunked in a lake, makeup, lace and all. There was a sumo wrestling show, and there was another music program with this sleazy, afro-having, polyester-wearing Japanese lounge singer with gay male backup dancers. It was the first time we'd been 21 together, so Biank and I went for drinks at the Albatross on San Pablo, which was yuppified, and the Ivy Room, which was not yuppified. It was us, the bartender, and two sleazy guys playing pool. We rode to Nation's, which I dearly miss when I'm away. 24 hour burgers and pie. Naturally we ran into some random old aquaintances there. We rode back to Bianca's and ate chili fries and watched Velvet Goldmine for the fifty-five millionth time.

In the morning we walked up to Mi Tierra, the Mexican market, to get pan dulce. We used to get pan dulce for breakfast all the time. I t hink it used to be 3 for a buck, but a competing Mexican market opened on the same block, and now pan dulce is 4 for a buck at Mi Tierra.

Sweet! They are so good. Especially the one with pink frosting and sprinkles. When we were out sitting on Bianca's front steps in the sun eating pan dulce, some random rude boy Bianca knows walked by on his way home from the dented can store. He hAD a boom box and I think he was playing the Clash.

It was a beautiful day. We rode up to Whole Foods and drank frosty beverages, and wrote a song about the pain of having two bikes and one lock, a theme that prevailed whenever I rode with anyone during the trip. We got good peaches and berries at the farmers market, fixed Bianca's bike at the bike library, and went back to my mom's house to make coffee and watch TV. Chicken kept coming up in conversation so we went to the Durant food court and had sesame chicken and spring rolls. It was shady and delicious. I love the Durant Food Court, and I love Bianca Jarvis. After dinner we stopped at Cody's and I read Optic Nerve. It's all about depressed people in the East Bay. It's terrific! As we walked back to my house that Bay Area chill was totally coming on. Bianca rode her bike home and I



read a magazine. It was the best dAy ever.

The other best day of the trip was when I was walking down Blake, in the fog, on my way home from the Durant food court. I had a carton of butter corn ramen in one hand, a minutes-fresh King Pin donut with sprinkles in the other hand, and a new magazine my bookstore connection had scammed for me waiting at home. In my mom's apartment. In Berkeley. I was so happy.

It was an odd trip. As psyched as I'd been to get to Berkeley, I spent the first half of my visit feeling really unsettled and uncomfortable. After that I got used to it and was able to have a good time, but I'd learned that while Berkeley will always be my hometown, it's no longer my home.

"Went home to Texas and no one remembered me but the cops" Steve Earl

AT THE BAR, AS USUAL

That girl's awesome- she bought me a double screwdriver! Do you think that guy's cute?
I OWN this bar!
eight ball in the corner pocket
sure
Lets start a band!
vespa Lambretta vespa vespa Lambretta Vespa
yeah
AAAA!
Will someone buy me some smokes? They're carding at the door now and I won't be able to get back in.
SURE!
I love being a vicarious smoker!

Shot through the book depository window, the pack of Pall Malls ricochets off Destiny's impressively highlighted head into the crevice between the two sets of booths.

LATER, at the café.....

The end.

For comics that DON'T SUCK, check out:

Love & Rockets by Los Bros Hernandez.
so cute! so cool! so '80s! They got hella L&R collections at la biblioteca.

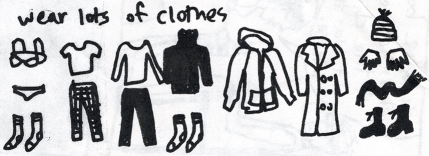
Optic Nerve by Adrian Tomine
comics about depressed hipsters. It hurts because its true. Try Reading Frenzy.

the joys of pomade

The good shit:
American Crew Pomade
d:fi pomade (blue lid)
Murray's Hair Dressing
Royal Crown Pomade

How To Stay Warm in Freezing Ass Oregon

wear lots of clothes



drink lots of coffee

cats

heater worship

sleep with lots of blankets and other people

junior's

Being a meat-eating vegan is alot like being bisexual: everyone hates you. Omnivores are irritated by your stupid, snobby, special needs and murmurings about soy milk, and real vegans are disgusted by your gnawing on bloody innocent flesh. It's not like I try to be this annoying; I just ~~x~~ can't dig on dairy (it's a health thing) while still being really into meat. Regardless, my recent dietary twist has forced me to gain not only tolerance for vegans, but a newfound appreciation for restaurants like Junior's.

Junior's is cool because it has lots of tasty things for everyone to eat, but it isn't a VEGAN RESTAURANT. There's plenty of normal food like eggs (meat, even) on the menu, and the animal-free items aren't just delusional imitations of meat dishes. In fact, they are really damn grubbin. Furthermore, the potatoes are rad, and that's all that's really important. You can get them with cheese or with this vaguely sour cream-esque tofu sauce, which totally rocks and doesn't taste like tofu. Ypu can also get tons of other wild and crazy stuff on your spuds, like garlic, spinach, and mushrooms.

There are also outstanding tofu scrambles. Rather than crumbly mushed up tofu, they consist of small pieces of tofu with a pleasing fried texture and excellent flavor.

The place is tiny, and that, along with the sexy booths, funky (but not obnoxious) decor and flocked walls creates a cozy, intimate environment that gently eases you into the morning. Or afternoon. I'd dare say Junior's rivals My Father's Place in the

comfort department, and no one will complain that there's nothing they can eat.

Junior's Café, 1742 SE 12th (near Hawthorne?) (503)235-5474.

olé olé

One of the things I miss most about living in the Bay Area is the abundance of grubbin, cheap-ass Mexican food. I've been searching for it in Portland for almost a year, with moderate success. Honkin Huge Burritos has the biggest , cheapest burritos, but they're kind of nasty. La Casita is fuckin tasty and awesome and open ALL NIGHT LONG (and no, they don't put lard in their beans, but they do put sour cream in the guacamole), but they're not all that cheap, especially if you go there every night when you're all dronk and hungry.

Recently I was introduced to Olé Olé almost by accident, and I think it is the raddest yet. The tacos are what I guess is authentic Mexican style: little, round, and piled with meat, like the ones at La Castillita, my favorite Mexican place in SF (Church & Market). Two or three of them make a meal, and at $1.25 each you can always get another one if you're still hungry. The burritos rule because they are full of lots of different tasty things, not just rice, beans and meat. Even though I don't eat cheese, I'm really impressed by their signiture burrito, which has a chile relleno inside it. The chicken fajita burrito is also tasty because it has grilled bell peppers and shit. Same with the chicken fajita tacos. Wow, writing this is making me really hungry.

Olé Olé is open until 10. There's one at SW 6th and Jackson, and one around 20th and E Burnside.

get off your ass and make some

LENTIL STEW!

One of my earliest childhood memories is of looking at a pot of lentils my parents had made. I was probably thinking, "lentils." Lentils may be one of modern Americas most culturally important foods, having nourished and sustained the beatniks, the hippies, the Panthers, and the current generation of art school dropouts and vegan punks.

Lentils rule because they are cheap, tasty, and more user-friendly than beans. They cook quicker and you don't have to soak them, which is good for someone like me who can't plan further than the next 5 minutes. This stew is good for those days when all you can think about is Indian food and the food carts are closed. Give your guts a break and have a small portion with a whole lot of basmati rice.

1/2 cup lentils
2 cups water
1/2 onion
3 cloves garlic
1/2 big potato or 1 small potato
1 carrot
1 tsp curry powder
salt

Bring lentils & water to boil, cover & reduce heat. Chop the other stuff. Add carrot & potato to lentils. Sauté onion, garlic and curry over medium low heat, 10-15 minutes. Add that and hella salt to the lentils. Simmer until thick.

more recipes!

SLACKER LENTILS

Cook some lentils (about 1/2 cup lentils to 2 cups water). When they're almost done, stir in some soup powder. Meanwhile, cook some rice with curry powder and black pepper. Dump lots of salt on everything. optional: add frozen or fresh vegetables to the lentils. Especially peas and carrots

CONDIMENT SANDWICH

Any available bread product, probably a bagel
Dijon mustard
mayonnaise, real or soy
pepper

Toast bread product. Top with condiments. Repeat as necessary.

TORTILLA SOUP

white beans
corn
2 stalks celery
2 or 3 carrots
2 to 10 cloves garlic
1 Tbsp cumin
1 Tbsp dried or 3 Tbsp fresh cilantro
3 to 5 green onions
tortilla chips
real or fake cheese (optional)
1/2 to 1 jalapeño pepper
salt, pepper, cayenne pepper
broth powder

Soak beans overnight, then cook them while you wash & chop the veggies. Or get a can. Sauté celery and green onions in olive oil, then add garlic and carrots until slightly cooked. Add

to beans, along with everything else but the chips and cheese. Serve topped with grated cheese and crushed chips. Dine to the invigorating sounds of Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass. Olé!

* Adapted from Please Don't Feed The Bears, a very rockin vegan cookzine by Brad Misanthropic. Send $2 to P.O. Box 1151, State College, PA 16804-1151. Or go to Powell's.

BITCHIN VEGETABLE SOUP

After many forgettable attempts, I finally made a vegetable soup that isn't boring! It almost made being sick worth it, except not at all.

Garlic	kidney beans
yellow onion	corn
green onions	noodles
mushrooms	broth powder
zucchini	olive oil
carrots	basil & oregano
jalapeño pepper	salt, pepper & cayenne pepper

Chop & sauté garlic, onions, mushrooms, zucchini, basil, oregano, and a little salt in olive oil in the bottom of a pot. Add some water and a little broth powder. Chop & add the other veggies and beans. In a seperate pot, cook some noodles. Add salt, pepper, and cayenne pepper to soup. Before serving, add noodles & raw garlic. Enjoy with a book or magazine. I enjoyed mine with Betty Friedan's excellent autobiography, Life So Far.

FRUITS OF A WELL SPENT DAY AT STARBUCKS

The Dancer
There once was a boy from Brazil
Whose dance moves were so very ill
He danced on a cliff
Then his legs got all stiff
And he took a really big spill

The Barista
There was a guy worked at Starbucks
One day came to work in a tux
His shirt of fine silk
Got covered in milk
And he loudly exclaimed, "oh shucks!"

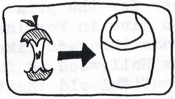
Incontinence
There was a girl from Tennessee
Who always had to go pee
She drank beer with lime
All of the time
And then it ran down to her knee

Drugs
There once was a girl from Eugene
Who really dug the drug scene
She partied alot
And smoked hella pot
Now only her pockets are clean

Shit Outta Luck
There once was a drag queen from Frisco
Who loved nothing more than the disco
But she lost her daddy
And with him the Caddy
Now she's on the street drinking Cisco

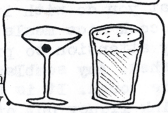
HOW TO LIVE LIKE A YUPPY when you're not

Just because you work at (or got fired from) some bourgeois café, it doesn't mean you can't live like the people on the other side of the counter. It's true, having a huge disposable income helps one to feel rich, but it isn't really necessary. It's all about style. Here, six simple steps to faking the money.



1. CLEAN YOUR HOUSE. If your floor is strewn with trash and dirty socks, of course you're going to feel pathetic. Do you ever notice how in design magazines, the interiors are always antiseptically clean and the beturtlenecked owners never seem to have any stuff? That's why those places look so nice. That, and 7,000 dollar sofas.

2. LISTEN TO JAZZ. Bebop makes me feel rich in a hip, modern way. Big band makes me feel rich in a traditional, old-school way.



3. EMULATE THE MASTERS. Dorothy Parker and Ernest Hemingway and all those kids in the 1920s were shit broke, but did they ever have class. They'd eat lunch at the Algonquin hotel every day, even though they could only afford like a fried egg. Somehow they made artistic poverty seem very glamorous. As Hemingway said, hunger is good discipline.

4. STAY IN. Pretend you choose not to go out at night because it's so terribly vulgar and tiresome. Get books, music and movies from the library. It's free. Some video stores, like

Trilogy in NW, have half-off rentals. Magazines, a luxury to which I am hopelessly addicted, can be found for cheap at the magazine store at 33rd and Hawthorne. Most x current-ish mags are 75% off the cover, and they also have alot of way old magazines that are expensive but fun to look at.

5. GO OUT. Alot of bars have excellent specials and happy hours where you can get dinner and a beer for the price of a drink elsewhere. We who live in Portland are blessed to have $2 movie theaters like Laurelhurst and the Mission. The Hollywood is fairly cheap too, and it's a beautiful old theater that gets good movies. Make like the olden days and get all dressed up. For dance nights, Lola's Room 80s night (Fridays) and Embers goth night (Tuesdays) are both free, if you can stand to be there. I hear Blackbird is instituting a free New Wave night, but I've never been.

6. EAT WELL. Getting good food for free or cheap is easy so I won't waste your time, but what you do with it is important too. Learn how to cook nice meals or date someone who can, and pay attention to presentation. Get the right dishes. Any semblance of a matching set is a nice touch. It is COMPLETELY NECESSARY to drink liquor out of real glasses. Having screwdrivers in coffee mugs just isn't OK. In a nice rocks glass, it tastes and feels so much better, even if it's Hood River vodka and 50 cent Fred Meyer orange juice. The William Temple House thrift store (NW Glisan at 22nd)

is a fantastic resource for butt cheap dishes. It's around $0.50 to $1 a piece, and they get alot of matching sets.

Living well is all about being creative with what resources you have. It also doesn't hurt not to stress and complain about money more than is necessary. Now go out and be fabulous!

BOOKS! BOOKS!

There are alot of reasons to read books, but the best one is it feels good. I always have trouble thinking of books I want to read though, so here's a list for other people who have that problem. All of these titles can be found in the Multnomah County library. And guess what! They are opening a new branch library at NW 23rd and Thurman - Woo!

My Date With Satan - Stacey Richter

Short stories on crack. She takes elements and characters from contemporary life and pushes them to their quirky, crazy and mundane extremes. The underlying theme is really fucked up people who don't think anything's wrong with them. Disturbing and hilarious.

The Sleep-Over Artist - Thomas Beller

It's a fairly new novel about this guy who grows up in New York and his adventures with people, particularly women. Reading it was a little uncomfortable at times because I was never sure if the guy was funny, confused, and likeable, or an asshole, but it's well-written. I guess you could throw it in a genre with Nick Hornby.

Tales of A Punk Rock Nothing - Abram Shalom Himelstein and Jamie Schweser

I haven't identified with a novel so strongly since Are You There God? It's Me, Margaret. A Jewish punk kid from the South moves to D.C. and experiences the many facets of the modern American punk scene. The novel is written mostly in zine format, letters and journal entries. It calls people on their shit.

Valley Of The Moon - Jack London

No, it's not about wolves. It's about a couple of working class

of working-class proto-hippies in 1907 Oakland. Nothing has really changed. It's a compelling adventure story that involves history, geography and important social issues like class, work, love, art, and agriculture. A little macho (hey, it's Jack London), but the ultimate hero of the book is a woman.

Rowing In Eden-Elizabeth Evans

Here is a coming-of-age story that will not make you pine nostalgically for those glittery days of adolescence. It's about a 13 year old girl and that special moment when it seems like everything great and exciting and romantic is about to happen to you, but it ends up being really weird and fucked up and bad. One of those hard-to-put-down books.

Cut My Hair-Jamie S. Rich

Another punk book. This one seems less realistic than Tales Of A Punk Rock Nothing, but that might be because it's set in L.A. Nonetheless a really fun read, except for the kinda cliché tragedy part that takes up too much of the book. Illustrations by various comic artists are a nice touch, and there's an interesting what-is-punk discussion.

The Great Gatsby- F. Scott Fitzgerald

Somehow I got through high school and up to last winter without reading this. As it turns out it's a really good book. The setting, story and language are terribly pretty and romantic, and there's probably a deeper meaning but I didn't get it.

Story of The Eye- Georges Bataille

Speaking of deep meanings I don't get, I just understood this book to be an exploration of

decadently obsessive, gruesome sexual fetishes - which is great fun - but I think it also has something to do with the greater themes, views, and ideas the author has about the world, which are beyond me. Thought provoking, nevertheless.

Dirty Money - Ayn Imperato

Finally, a punk book by a woman. I guess she used to write for MR&R in the 80s. Dirty Money is a collection of stories, true, I think, about living, working, dating, and getting trashed in San Francisco. I've never seen the nuances and feelings of the city captured in writing so well. SF tends to get glamourized, but Imperato paints it the way I feel about it: at times exciting and attractive, but often sad and harsh. At the same time, many of the stories are gut bustingly funny. This book isn't at the library, it's at Powell's which is like a library.

Life So Far - Betty Friedan

This is probably the only book my grandmom recommended that I actually read and liked. A hugely extensive autobiography, it covers the private and professional life of one of the founders of the modern women's movement. I didn't know shit about feminism, even though I've considered myself a feminist since I was 12. I learned alot, not just about the movement but about the people and events in Friedan's past that led her to become socially active. Since the scope is so broad, there isn't room to go into tedious conceptual and technical details, which along with her frank and kind of saucy writing voice keeps it accessible. It took me forever to read, but I stayed interested to the end.

Small things. Finding letters from foreign countries when you get home. Scoring a laid back job. Catching someone glance furtively at you out of the corner of their eye. Typewriters peeking out of big plate glass windows. A girl who feeds us chocolate cake. People who give me cookies. Making dinner for people who like it. Catching the bus. Hearing music that's completely different from what I usually hear, that reminds me of cool stuff. Boots. Small things. They make me happy. They make me jump up and down and go Yeee and do the tentacle dance.

The Gulper, Shoshanna Cohen
1920 NW 26th #204, Portland, OR 97210